

# THE MISSIONARY HELPER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

FREE BAPTIST

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

BOSTON

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# The \* Missionary \* Helper.

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**MRS. EMELINE S. BURLINGAME, Editor, Pawtucket, R. I.**

Send subscriptions and all matters pertaining to business to

**MRS. ELLA H. ANDREWS, Publishing Agent,**

*453 Washington St., Providence, R.I.*

Publication Office, 457 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

## EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

MISS L. A. DEMERITTE,

MRS. F. S. MOSHER,

MRS. F. L. HAYES,

MRS. E. W. PORTER,

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"Lord, for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin  
Just for to-day."

*The field is the world.* Missionary work spreads itself like the banyan tree. In Turkey, formerly, a woman was not permitted to read. Now the Sultan has started girls' schools. The superiority of the women educated in the mission schools has led to this result. . . . The native preachers in Madagascar purpose sending some of their number to work among neighboring heathen. . . . The pupils in Huguenot Seminary, South Africa, have also organized for the purpose of sending out missionaries. . . . Prof. Max Muller says: "The Christian Church would cease to exist if it ceased to be missionary." . . . Sir Charles Aitchison, the eminent East Indian officer, said: "It may surprise some who have not had an opportunity of looking into the matter to learn that Christianity is spreading four or five times as fast as the ordinary population, and that the native Christians now number nearly a million of souls." . . . Funeral customs are strikingly different in different countries. In Brazil, in case of a young unmarried lady, the coffin and hearse are of bright scarlet. Women do not go to the cemeteries.

. . . Christian pity for lepers seems to be deepening in many different localities, and the results are gratifying. Miss Amy C. Fowler, of England, has gone to the Hawaiian Islands as nurse among the lepers of Molokai. In India, there are 250,000 of these afflicted people. Asylums for them have been sustained in different localities by the London Missionary and American Presbyterian and Methodist Societies. In England, the amelioration of their condition is attracting much attention. The Prince of Wales takes a deep interest in the matter. A fund has been raised to provide medical aid and proper nursing.

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#### WHAT ARE THE FORCES TO BE UNITED.

IN considering further the matter that has already attracted much denominational attention, that of uniting the F. B. Foreign and Woman's Missionary Societies, we wish to call attention to some additional points.

Who is now doing the missionary work in the churches? As women comprise at least two-thirds of the membership, if the work done were equally distributed among the members, they must be credited with doing two-thirds of it. This does not apply to the amount of money given; for it yet remains too true that a great many married women work for their board and clothes, helping their husbands build up a home and save a competency, while they have but trifling sums to give for benevolence. But it does apply to the work of canvassing and collecting; to that of arranging for concerts and training the children; to that of systematizing and executing.

Furthermore, the work is *not* equally distributed among the members, judging from observation and reports received. In some of the largest churches, of which we have been cognizant for twenty years the missionary work of the kinds above referred to has been all done by women, occasional help coming to them by way of suggestion and Sunday service from the pastors. Many letters received tell us of the women who have

"the entire care of arranging for the monthly concerts." One received recently states that the women have been given the full charge of the missionary work in an important church. We think it is underestimating to say that nine-tenths of this work among Free Baptists is now in the hands of women.

A prominent divine, in speaking recently of the future of Christianity, predicts that at no very distant day all the planning and executing for missions will be relegated to the women in the different denominations, on account of their special adaptability to such work. The Society of Friends has already done this, so far as we can learn with very satisfactory results.

In approaching the question of "union," it is not a point to be considered, Who shall be recognized or honored? but simply, What forces has the church at its command that are fitted to be used for the advancement of our missionary interests? It is not a question of men or women, as such, but a question of utilization of power. We believe it to be true throughout our churches that women are fully equal in spiritual power and general efficiency to the same number of men. Then it must be admitted that their superiority in numbers gives to the churches a much larger working force in its women than in its men.

What! shall we then relegate all our missionary work to the women? No, never! Men would lose steadily in working power if such a step were taken. Missionary work is an important educator at home as well as abroad. Men should be more fully enlisted rather than less. But, we ask, if it were to be given to one part of the church, should it not in all fairness be given to the two-thirds, rather than the one-third?

In considering the question of "union," then, let no precipitate action be taken. Let the real church force be studied and utilized as completely as possible, and the question be simply, How can Free Baptist forces be made to help most rapidly towards the evangelization of the world?

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**"GO YE, THEREFORE, AND TEACH ALL NATIONS."**

BY MRS. CORA W. HAYES.

WEARY and worn with labor,  
At eve three travelers came  
To Mysia's sea-side city—  
Troas of classic fame.  
Through many lands they'd journeyed,  
In many towns had been,  
Preaching the Saviour's power  
To cleanse from guilt and sin.  
The first with clear-cut visage,  
Of stature rather small,  
With precious words of wisdom,  
Betrayed the gifted Paul.  
The next was faithful Silas;  
The other, meek and mild,  
Timothy, the lad who knew  
The Scriptures from a child.  
'Twas good to bide at Troas,  
With empty, folded hands,  
To watch the crested billows  
Wash up the amber sands,  
To gaze with straining vision  
Far o'er the waters wide,  
With anxious, human longing  
To reach the other side!  
For though, all tired in body,  
They flagged not in their zeal  
To teach and preach salvation,  
And sin-sick souls to heal—  
Through Him, the risen Jesus,  
Who gave the word, Go preach;  
Not only in Judea,—  
All lands my Gospel teach!  
But, having reached the sea-coast,  
Their eager feet were stayed;

The message of glad tidings  
The Holy Ghost delayed.  
New work He had to give them,  
Still greater than before ;  
Crossing seas to publish peace  
Upon a foreign shore.  
To Paul appeared a vision ;  
Before him stood at night,  
One who prayed beseechingly  
For help to life and light.  
There was no hesitation,  
No questioning, or doubt,  
But for Macedon at once  
The little ship sets out !  
It cleaves the sea's blue waters,  
By gentle breezes borne,  
While dimly in the heavens  
Is seen the Star of Morn.  
Its first rays flickered feebly,  
Then shone—then disappeared ;  
And years of darkness followed,  
When God's name was not feared.  
But Paul and his companions,  
Who left their homes that day,  
To do the Lord's commandment—  
To wait, and watch, and pray—  
Scattered their seed so freely,  
At morn and dewy eve,  
With us began their mission,  
And we to-day believe !  
Again the Star appeareth,  
It shineth more and more ;  
The perfect day is dawning,  
We see the golden shore.  
But ere we reach the harbor,  
To anchor in its vale,  
Our ship must, eastward turning,  
Set for another sail.

No time to rest from labor,  
To sleep or fold the hands,  
We, too, must carry tidings  
Of peace to heathen lands;  
E'en to the very nations  
Who us the truth did send,  
Yet now, themselves benighted,  
Their days in darkness spend.  
To us appears a vision,  
To us a cry is made,  
Our heart and conscience tell us  
To hasten to their aid.  
And when to Christ converted,  
All nations own Him Lord,  
All peoples bow before Him,  
And magnify His Word;  
The voyagings all over,  
For aye we'll furl our sail,  
And resting in God's haven,  
We'll no more breast the gale.  
The Star, so long in rising,  
Shall set in quenchless light  
Reflected by God's glory;  
And there shall be no night.

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### GLIMPSES OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY MRS. ADA KENNAN.

#### I.

IT was Saturday afternoon in the early autumn, and gathered in their church home at A——, in one of the Central States, were a loyal Christian band, with their gray-haired pastor leading the monthly covenant meeting. Scripture reading, prayer, and hymns of praise had been followed by many testimonies the old pilgrim, the middle-aged soldier, and the young recruit of God's grace and love and goodness, of their hope and trust and determination. Near the close of the service a

fair-haired girl of ten years rose, and amid tears and sobs said, in substance, that she loved Jesus, but her heart was sad at thought of leaving her church and Sunday-school, her pastor, and teacher, and Christian friends. That she feared in the new country to which her parents were about removing she should miss them all so much. "And, oh," she concluded, "pray for me that I may be true to Jesus, and for papa and mamma. I did hope that papa would" — She sat down overcome by her emotion, amid a silence more eloquent than words. The pastor assured her that their love and sympathy and prayers would follow her, exhorted her to be faithful to her Saviour, and then in a brief prayer asked the Good Shepherd to shelter this lamb in his strong arms of love, and to bring her parents also into the "fold." Hearts were thrilled by the intensity of conviction in his voice, as, placing his hand upon her bowed head, he added, "God bless and keep you ! Who knows but you have come to the kingdom for such a time as this !"

A few weeks later the sweet face of the child was framed in the low, narrow window of a log-house in the woods of northern Wisconsin, while her blue eyes gazed wistfully upon the landscape. The deft fingers of an unseen artist had painted all the surrounding forest with the gorgeous hues of autumn. In the distance, the blue waters of an inland lake gleamed in the sunlight, and the wooded heights rose one mass of blended colors—gold, brown, scarlet, and crimson, overtopped by the rich green of the pine. The sky was of that deep blue sometimes seen in high Western altitudes, before the haze of "Indian summer" limits the vision. The child Mary turned with a sigh from the beautiful view outside.

Within, her father occupied a chair near the stove, in an attitude of indolent relaxation ; her mother was putting the one room in order ; while Fred, a boy of eight, and Anna, a girl of six years, were at play in one corner with some choice chips and pine cones from the forest. Mary looked hesitatingly at her mother as she adjusted the pillows on the "trundle bed" and



rolled it behind the valance tacked to the rails of the high post bedstead in another corner of the room.

"Mamma," said she, softly, "if I would dress Anna, and help Fred, might we put on our Sunday clothes and walk to the big maple by the lake and back, and then play have a Sunday-school?"

The mother's heart was tender from her own recent experience of parting with loved ones, and homesick for the sound of a church-going bell and passing feet. She glanced inquiringly at her husband. He answered the mute appeal by saying: "Yes, Lizzie, let the child have her Sunday-school. I'm going out for a hunt."

The next Sunday the little school, with Mary as superintendent, teacher, and chorister, was increased by an addition of the four children of their neighborhood on the next section, Mary's mother having given her permission to invite them. The mother of these children, Mrs. C——, had been a church member in her former home. After a few Sabbaths the parents came. In time a prayer-meeting followed the Sunday-school. And then, conversions, baptisms, regular service,—a church organization.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten years passed. Another autumn time had come. Overlooking the smiling waters of Lake ——, stood a modest, tasteful church edifice. It was a Sabbath morning in October. All about the vicinity were fastened the well-kept teams of the surrounding country attached to a variety of vehicles, from the single-seated "buck-board" to the farmer's wagon accommodating a score. The interior of the church, in all the splendor of spotless walls, newly-painted wood-work, polished window panes, and glittering new chandelier, was packed to its utmost capacity. Outside, under the open windows, were wagons to furnish seats for men and boys who could not find standing room inside.

It was a day long anticipated by the community, and long

remembered by those present, with a delight proportioned to their share in bringing it about. In the pulpit was the young pastor of the flock, and Elder M——, the old-time pastor whose acquaintance we made ten years before in the covenant meeting at A——. The dedication services proceeded, and Elder M—— spoke of the little seed that had yielded so bountiful a harvest, of the small beginning in the Christian work of a little child, and related what we have already told you, kind reader, saying: "Friends, only God knows what a different state of things might have existed; how different might have been your social and religious surroundings, if that Christian child had not been loyal to her Master; if she had not planted and upheld by God's sustaining grace the banner of the Cross, until parents and neighbors came to her aid."

Many eyes turned with loving admiration to the golden-haired young lady at the organ, the latter a gift from the society at her childhood's church home. "It is not age," the speaker continued, "nor wisdom, nor skill, nor talent, but simple faithfulness to God and our covenant vows, supplemented as it always is, by God's help, which insures success. If each one going out from Christian communities to the Western frontiers would establish and maintain, as has been done here, through storm and sun, a Sunday-school and prayer-meeting, would be true to their church obligations, there would not be so many back-slidden church members, so many neighborhoods without religious service, so many Sabbath-breaking families. But instead, there would be more such buildings as this, dedicated to God free of debt, more prosperity among God's children, more aggressive work for Christ, more money given and more souls won for the heavenly kingdom." At the close of the sermon, before the offering of the dedicatory prayer, a thank-offering was taken for home and foreign mission work which aggregated one hundred and thirteen dollars.

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The only way to have a friend is to be one.—*Emerson.*

**BURMAH, SIAM, AND LAOS. BUDDHISM.**

**L**OWER Burmah has an area of 87,000 square miles, with nearly 15,000 villages and towns, and a population in 1881 of nearly 4,000,000. Upper Burmah has more than twice the area, with fully 4,000,000 people. Burmah is now largely a dependency of Great Britain. The government is despotic, affairs being regulated by a council of state, which is composed of four ministers and presided over by the heir-apparent to the throne, or a prince of the royal blood. The interior of Burmah is comparatively unknown, and missionary work is confined almost entirely to the coast.

Buddhism is the religion of the Burmese, and the faith is purer here than among the Chinese and East Indians. There is not so much picture worship as in China, and the monks are more faithful to their vows. Missionary work here is chiefly among the Karens, or wild men, a rude race living in the jungles, and of whom the missionaries had no knowledge when they landed in Burmah. This people have been more eager and ready to receive the Gospel than the Burmese. Hundreds of them have been baptized and many churches built. When, in 1832, the Rev. Mr. Mason visited the fields among the Karens where Mr. Boardman had labored, he wrote: "I no longer date from a heathen land. Heathenism has fled these banks. I eat the rice and potatoes and fruits cultivated by Christian hands, look on the fields of Christians; and see no dwellings but those of Christian families. I am seated in the midst of a Christian village, surrounded by a people that love, talk, act, and in my eyes look like Christians." This was over fifty years ago, and all this time the good work has been going on, until now the Karens have become an evangelizing power, contributing money to help send the Gospel to other lands.

Siam has a territory of about 280,000 square miles, and a population of 6,000,000, exclusive of the Laos people. The chief town is Bangkok, with from 400,000 to 6,000,000 inhabit-

ants. The Laos extends from about latitude sixteen degrees to twenty-four degrees north, and has a population estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000. The soil is fertile, and valuable mines are found here. The Laonese are lazy but honest, and resemble the Burmese in language, manners, customs, and religion. A large part of the inhabitants of Siam are foreigners, mostly Chinese. Woman's condition here is far above that of her sex generally in the East, and she is treated more considerately.

This people is swayed by Buddhism, and its sacred temples are among the costliest and finest of the East. The priesthood once numbered 100,000, but is now much reduced.

Protestant missions were first started here in 1833, and perhaps now Siam is more widely open to the Gospel than any country on earth. Next to the Mikado of Japan, the king is said to be "the most progressive sovereign of Asia." He speaks of the debt which the Siamese owe to the missionaries for teaching them to read and speak English, and says: "The American missionaries have always been just and upright men, have never meddled with the affairs of the government, but have lived with the Siamese just as if they belonged to the nation." When the wife of the young king was killed by an accident, his brother went to the missionaries asking for a copy of the New Testament, and saying that the king could find no consolation for his grief in Buddhism, his own religion. The first zenana teaching ever attempted in the East was by missionary women in 1851, among the thirty wives and royal sisters of the king of Siam.

The *Missionary Review* presents to us very plainly some of the principal doctrines of Buddhism, the religion which exercises an influence more or less despotic over one-half of the human family.

"It claims a remote antiquity and seems to be about 2,500 years old. Its founder, Gautama, was called Buddha, 'the Enlightened.' He was undoubtedly a rare man and his influ-

ence has been both wide-spread and marvelously permanent. For more than a thousand years Siam has had no other faith. Although pure Buddhism supplies no objects of worship, images of Buddha are so common and numerous that one fane alone is said to contain and enshrine 14,000. Certain features of Buddhism may be easily kept in memory :

"1. Atheism—a virtual denial of all proper deity.

"2. Materialism—a direct denial of all spirit or soul in man.

"3. Transmigration. All want or woe in the present life may be accounted for by the sins of a previous existence ; and every sin of the present will be compensated by the wants and woes of other states and stages of existence to follow. Each life thus has both an end and a succession, and heaven is the escape from this succession—in the final slumber or annihilation of Nirvana. The highest good is no longer to live an individual life, but to be lost as a drop in the sea. Buddhism prescribes the noble path to this Nirvana goal. It is by meditation on life's hollowness and shallowness until all desire of every sort dies out.

"The priests or monks devote themselves to a meditative life, and live solely on alms. Every man spends part of his life as a priest. No wonder that the system has a strong hold on the people, and that the Gospel makes slow progress in the demolition of this false religion, so in contrast at every point with the Gospel of Christ."

---

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.  
The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our utmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares."

## SYMPATHY.

[To L. C. P.]

BY LILLIAN A. TOURTILLOTTE.

HER smile brings comfort to the aching heart,  
And soothes its weary pain,  
As morning chides away the somber night—  
As sunshine after rain.

She does not seek a mission, great and grand ;  
She does her little duties day by day ;  
And with sweet, tender sympathy she cheers  
Those in a lonely way.

Though *all* the world shall never know her name,  
Yet those made happy by her smile shall see  
Her sweet face radiant with angelic grace  
Throughout eternity.

*Boston, Mass.*

## AN ARAB SAYING.

REMEMBER, three things come not back :  
The arrow sent upon its track—  
It will not swerve, it will not stay  
Its speed ; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot  
By thee ; but it has perished not ;  
In others' hearts 'tis living still,  
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,  
That cometh back no more to thee.  
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,  
Those three will nevermore return.

—Constantina E. Brooks, in *The Century Bric-a-Brac*.



## FROM THE FIELD.

## STORER COLLEGE.

BY CORALIE L. FRANKLIN.

THE winter term opened January 2. On the following Monday, the chapel at a quarter of nine presented a scene fit to inspire the heart of any true teacher, albeit she were one whose youthful enthusiasm had somewhat toned down under the "whips and darts" inflicted by years of school life.

Almost every seat was occupied. Let the "Conference people" link that thought with the size of the room, and add the reflection that these pupils are, for the most part, children of parents who were legally deprived of the right to teach or to be taught, and they will catch the feelings of the looker-on. At the hour mentioned, greetings are being exchanged between new arrivals and those who were so fortunate as to get here for the fall term. Former pupils are watched for and welcomed back to school by their associates, almost as joyously as a long-absent brother or sister is welcomed back to the family fireside. How necessary that the school should be made as much as possible a copy of home for the pupils, since here habits are formed to be practiced, and ideas imbibed to be crystallized and brought out, in many homes that are yet to be. On this morning the new ones look timidly, in some cases wonderingly on.

In a little while they will feel as much at home as the rest. In a few minutes the school will be called to order, and in the meanwhile it is evident that the minds of the teachers are already beginning to center on the work of the days and weeks which are to follow. Let us guess at their thoughts. "We are going to have a full school this term, that is evident. I wonder if the teachers will be able to hold out with their work. How much we need another." But we cannot stop to follow



the train of Mr. Brackett's thoughts, for you may be sure they branch out in many directions.

"Just see the new girls!" exclaims to herself one who has been here for many years. "I am glad we have the sewing teacher; or how could we begin to give to each the help in that line she needs?" And the said sewing teacher sits near, wondering if those same girls will over-run her sewing-room and how she will adjust herself to the difficult task of grading, assigning, and directing their work. She succeeds, I think, better than she dared hope. Those girls are also on the mind of another here who is mainly responsible for their general good conduct. Her practiced eye travels from one to another, and instinctively she tells who will be the "model girl" in Myrtle Hall, and who the one to give trouble. Many anxious nights and tired mornings will be hers before she can take her summer vacation. I am sure the "Young Men's Reading Room, talks to the students, the boarding clubs," etc., etc., all flit through the mind of our ever-busy friend who is giving her time to a labor of love in this mission work, and who lightens the burdens, first of one, then of another, as she can spare time. Just as we see "discipline" written on one, and "carpentry" breaking up the genial smiles of another face, the bell taps, and we follow the calm, quiet tones of the principal in responsive reading of the Scriptures. And then the rich, mellow voices break forth in a glad song of praise. A prayer is offered, and the classes pass to their respective recitation rooms for the lessons.

And so we go on, day by day, working out this mighty race problem; working it in the only way that it can be worked; for not by a Civil Rights Bill (with all due honor to its author), as we have seen in the past, not by wholesale Emigration Bills, as we shall see in the future, but by education, moral, intellectual, industrial, and physical, will come the solution so long withheld, so necessary not only to the Afro-Americans, but to the whole nation. What people of high moral character, strong in mind and body, and skillful of hand, would be, or

could be, practically shut out from the rights legally theirs, in a country acknowledging their citizenship? None.

When the people of the year two thousand shall, "looking backward" (puzzled and ashamed at the blindness of their forefathers), give the analysis of this great social question which shall then have been settled, very early will this quadruple education of heart, mind, hand, and body be shown to have entered the work. If Storer College be properly equipped, there is a grand opportunity before her to become an important factor in this solution. Let the denomination so foster her interests, supply her needs, and enlarge her usefulness, that the opportunity cannot be lost.

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### A GLIMPSE OF HONG-KONG.

BY HATTIE P. PHILLIPS.

WE had been told we might look for fogs off Hong-Kong ; that we might be not a little delayed thereby in making port, and so it proved. The thick mist shut in around us, occasionally lifting for a few moments and giving us here and there the dim outlines of Chinese junks near by, with their dorsal fins spread, fishing in the bay. At intervals the fog-whistle sounded, to warn off any craft that might be approaching. Steam was kept up that we might make the most of any brief interval of clear sky, and at last on the morning of March 13, about twenty-four hours behind time, we found ourselves lying alongside the jetty of Jardine and Matheson, importers of British opium into the Celestial Empire. Representatives of a Christian nation, protected by Christian (?) guns, dealing out degradation and death to a heathen nation against their most earnest protestation. The steamer that brought us belonged to them and was laden with the black death. I once took occasion to say to the chief officer : "I should think you would prefer a post on some other ship to being forced to handle this vile stuff." Entirely mistaking my meaning, he replied, "Oh,

it's not at all nasty to handle," referring to the fact that it was packed in neat cases, whereupon I endeavored to give him my real meaning. He doubtless thought me a harmless fanatic.

Of the opium wars waged to gratify British greed and to gather British gold I have not space here to speak; suffice it to say that one result was that China was forced to cede to Britain the island of Hong-Kong, commanding the water-way to Canton, that the "Mistress of the Sea" might have a comfortable place where to sit with her open-mouthed guns and force the entry of all the opium that poor John Chinaman could be induced to buy. The capital of the island, Victoria, is the city almost universally spoken of as Hong-Kong. Its site is the bold rocky side of the island, rising quite precipitously from the bay. The city looks as if she had scrambled up the steep sides and, cutting here and there a terrace for sure footing, had seated herself to watch her harbor, a beautiful rock-bound bay. All public works show British thoroughness, which one must admire whether he will or no. The streets of Hong-Kong are chiefly of two kinds; first, beautiful, broad, shaded terraces, running parallel to each other along the sides of the hill, winding, but quite level. Second, streets cut at right angles to these, climbing pluckily straight up the hill, and having their paving stones projecting a little from the surface to give a grip to the feet. Any one of these in the Chinese quarter presents an interesting spectacle. A Chinese crowd is a *blue* crowd, the common people being nearly all dressed in something resembling blue jean, while the wealthier choose the dark navy blue, though many, even of the men, wear rich brocades in delicate subdued shades of other colors. Looking down from the top of one of these streets, you see a closely-packed mass the width of the street, for any beast of burden, other than a human one, is rarely seen in one of these streets, and the middle of it is as free to pedestrians as the sides. Pass slowly through the compact mass, and though no one molests

you, you do not find the good-natured beaming politeness of a Japanese crowd; and if your ears were familiar with their jargon, you would most likely discover that the uncomplimentary epithet of "foreign devil" was frequently thrown at you—and little wonder, when one recalls the history of British opium and San Francisco "sand lots" as related to the much-enduring Celestial. But I have been rather premature in describing Hong-Kong's streets before ever we set foot on her shores!

At the jetty we found numbers of *jinrickshas* in waiting, and each of our party of three took one. China and Japan are, I fancy, the *native habitat* of the *jinricksha*, or "*rickshaw*," as it is more commonly called. It is a small, two-wheeled vehicle, closely resembling a baby-carriage. Some are wide enough to admit two—though it makes a tight fit; others are narrow and carry but one. The shafts are joined across the ends, and the human pony drops them on the ground to step in or out. In India, travel by cooly-power is, as a rule, most tedious, frequent urging being necessary to secure a rate of travel faster than a walk. In China or Japan the number of persons required is decidedly less, and the rate of travel much greater. Seating ourselves, we were taken fairly flying along the streets. The muscles of the men, swelling out like bundles of whipcord, showed not a particle of adipose. First to one, then to the other, of the only two good hotels in the city we went; but both were full, and we could hear of no reliable boarding-house. Our kind hostess at Singapore had given us the address of an English Woman's Mission, so, changing *rickshaws* for chairs, as the former do not climb the steep streets before described, we went in search of it. This last vehicle is a sort of Sedan chair suspended from a pole and carried on the shoulders of two men. We had hoped the ladies would be able to tell us of some available quarters; but fortunately, they had some unfurnished rooms themselves, and if we were willing to rough it, we were assured of a welcome. We had sat but a short time when a ring at the door-bell announced the arrival

of Miss Hattie Noyes, of the Presbyterian mission at Canton, but arrived this very morning by the steamship *Oceanic*, fresh from a two years' furlough in America. It seemed like taking a long, unexpected leap toward the home-land to grasp the hand of one so recently there.

Of mission work in Hong-Kong we saw little, except the girls' school in the house where we stopped, and another next door. The girls with their smooth, Mongolian complexions, so much fairer than the Indian children to whom I had been accustomed; their almond-shaped eyes; long, black hair, combed smoothly back and hanging in rich, glossy braids down their backs; their loose, but comely, and certainly comfortable, costumes of navy-blue flannel, trimmed with broad, black bands; their curious shoes, with thick wooden soles, rounding up at heel and toe, so that the wearer stands on tiny rockers, and stubs about in a manner the farthest remove from graceful; all these made them a striking contrast to our Indian girls, who are clad in scant, thin, cotton cloths—rather than clothes—have their hair ruffled by the constant slipping of the cloth over the head; their feet, as well as hands, brown and bare, except as bedecked with cheap ornaments. The little Celestial's strong point in school seems to be a wonderful capacity for memorizing. A pupil, even though he be a tiny tot of six or seven, walks up to his teacher, hands him his book, and wheeling with his back to both book and teacher, pours out his lesson in a steady stream until checked and sent to his seat. In mission schools many, many chapters of the Bible are thus committed to memory. The manner or tone in recitation is very peculiar, reminding one—especially if it be a concert exercise—of chanting, and when well done the effect is very pleasing. The English ladies with whom we were stopping, were much interested in temperance work for seamen frequenting the port, and this gave us an opportunity to see something of it. Fine commodious buildings provide for the different departments of their work, and the chaplain appointed by the

Church of England for the merchant-marine, seemed a zealous worker. On the Sabbath we attended divine service at the Union church, a regiment of Scottish Highlanders in their picturesque costumes, small arms, and bare knees, forming a conspicuous part of the congregation.

Few sights in a foreign city, where all that meets the ear is an unmeaning jargon, will send the blood bounding faster through the veins of a wandering American than that of the beloved "Stars and Stripes," floating at mast-head over a building whose door is guarded by the American eagle, perched on a shield bearing the words, "Consulate, United States of America." If he has thought of nothing special before, he is sure now to recall something he is very anxious to learn, and he walks in—even though he is a lady!—and if he is so fortunate as to find some of the noble, genial Christian men who have honored our Government at foreign ports, it is a chance if he does not quite forget that important question in the delight of a charming chat with a fellow-countryman.

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"GOD's ways seem dark, but soon or late,  
They touch the shining hills of day;  
The evil cannot brook delay,  
The good can well afford to wait.  
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime,  
Ye have the future grand and great,  
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!"

—Whittier.

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"EVERY day is a fresh beginning;  
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain!  
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,  
And puzzle forecasted, and possible pain,  
Take heart with the day, and begin again."



## HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

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[See article "Burmah, Siam, Laos. Buddhism."]

GIVE the population of Upper and Lower Burmah.

What is the government?

Where is most of the mission work done?

What was the condition of the Karens in 1832?

What now?

What is the population of Siam and Laos?

Give characteristics of the Laonese.

What is woman's condition in Siam?

What about the Buddhist priests?

When was mission work begun in Siam?

What is said of the king?

When was zenana teaching first introduced in the East?

What are the three principal doctrines of Buddhism?

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WHAT has been said of India by one who lived and labored there?

"India is too fair a gem to adorn any but the brow of Christ. It was one of her sons who touching but the hem of Christianity's garment said, 'None but Jesus; none but Jesus; none but Jesus ever deserves this bright, this precious diadem India, and Christ shall have it.'"

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THE days of Indian troubles will soon be over. The Indian Commissioner says in his last report:

"Where but a few years ago only individuals could be induced to receive homesteads, now whole tribes, with scarcely an exception in the tribe, are not only willing but anxious to have allotments."—*Missionary Visitor*.



## HOME DEPARTMENT.

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### CHILDREN'S SUNDAYS.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, will some mother of experience, with satisfactory results, tell us how she has made Sunday the 'best day of the week' for her little children?"

The question is not only an interesting, but very important, one. The impressions that children receive and retain in regard to the Sabbath are apt to attach to their future religious feelings, either making it easier for them to become Christians or becoming a serious barrier in the way. And yet so difficult is it to give a practical answer, that most mothers will shrink from attempting it.

We give a few suggestions now and invite mothers to send us the results of their experience. Either church services should be arranged so as to give a reasonable amount of home-life on the Sabbath, or else parents should make their selection from the services, and retain for the home enough time to make the day pleasant and profitable there. That home where the time spent is all used in hurrying to get back to another service is not the place where children are being fitted for future usefulness.

Small children should rarely be left in the care of servants, unless of tested character, in order for the parents to attend church. One parent had far better remain to watch over the little ones. There should be a fair amount of home life arranged for, when all the family can be together. In most households, it is the only day in the week when this can be done, and if parents harmonize in their plans this can be made a delightfully precious time.

It should not be so used as to give the children a feeling that it is "grown-people's day." "Hush, papa wants to read."

"There now, go and sit down and see if you can keep still one minute and let your mother rest." While there is a point where children should be certainly checked, it should be from some other motive than to let the older people have a comfortable time, unless in case of sickness.

It may not be an easy thing to arrange two or three hours of family life in such a way that all shall find enjoyment together, with mutual growing tenderness and love, but if it can be done, no part of the Sabbath will have a more elevating influence. Children should certainly learn to respect the love of quiet on the part of older people, but the latter should just as surely study to know how it seems to little active limbs, inquiring brains, and busy tongues to be placed under almost unbearable restraint.

In one home where there were four children under twelve years of age, the parents always spent a part of Sunday afternoon with them in the summer, in the ample yard. Chairs and books were carried out, but the time was mainly spent in enjoying God's trees and flowers and over-arching blue. On rainy days, the mother saw how much her children missed this, and improvised various exercises to take its place. One of these consisted of marching the length of the house in Indian file, singing first: "We're marching to Canaan, with banner and song," then letting each child select the hymn which he preferred. This exercise, kept up until the children were tired of it, made it easier for them to keep reasonably quiet afterward.

The food on Sunday should always be especially attractive to children. Not rich or indigestible, but with little delicacies, not common on other days. In the family above referred to, it was customary on Sunday at the tea-table, for each member to repeat a verse of Scripture, and the children enjoyed it very much. If one failed to remember, he was kindly helped out, but there were two very familiar verses that were resorts on such occasions, and there is no danger that any of the children

will ever forget: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest;" or, "In my Father's house are many mansions," etc.

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#### THE BUREAU AT OCEAN PARK.

THE work at Ocean Park is of so much importance that we call special attention to the appeal made by the treasurer, Mrs. M. G. Osgood, Harrison, Me., in a late number of the *HELPER*. Membership dues were solicited, and new members—men and women—were assured of "a cordial welcome." The annual fee is fifty cents. As the normal work and lectures require money, and the Society is dependent on annual dues, receipts from collections, and the admission fee to one lecture, for means to carry them on, donations from the parents of children to whom the Normal work is offered without charge, and from all interested in its success, will be gratefully received by the treasurer of the Bureau.

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#### HEALTH HINTS.

TO all who know the physical strain caused by worry, the following hints for conquering it may be of use: "When you persistently think, I must keep serene because I have responsible duties; I must keep cheerful because I have no strength to waste; I must keep from worrying because I need to help others by my own cheerfulness, and I cannot give what I do not have,—you are adding to your strength and peace of mind by every such effort. Of course the change from the worry habit to the delightful state of 'habitual serenity is not made in a minute, but it is worth working for because when it comes it has come to stay.'"

\* \* \*

Here are some rules with regard to diet which are worth remembering: "All fruits are good; those of our own zone best. Nuts, too, should often be eaten after dinner, never

between meals. As for tea and coffee, let them alone, unless you wish to grow prematurely old. Be careful to use little salt in your food. It inflames the internal organs and prevents that healthy change of tissue which is so necessary. Pepper is not a food, but a stimulant, and weakens the digestive organs. Eat regular meals and make of every one a sacrament. If anything is taken between meals, let it be fruit. Eat slowly, masticate thoroughly, take food neither very hot nor very cold; fast during excitement, or when in haste, and never read or study directly after a meal."

\* \* \*

One may faithfully observe the laws of health—avoid worry, and hurry, and fret, be careful in habits of eating and exercise and rest, even pray for long life, and yet not be well. The thing lacking being faith in God's will that we should be well. In other words, *expectancy* that, having obeyed, God will supply all our need, is necessary as well as obedience.

\* \* \*

Listen to a prescription far better for sleeplessness than an opiate: "One night when I was trying, not very successfully, to go to sleep, and many things were revolving in my mind, this message came to me from the Unseen: Rest—Trust—Wait. I noticed the order of the words and wondered why "wait" did not come first; but the one thing needful is first to *rest*, then we are in a condition to trust,—to trust that whatever *is*, is right, to trust that

'God's in His Heaven,  
All's well with the world.'

Then how easy it is to wait and never grow weary; 'to wait patiently for him.' And I went to sleep that night and many times afterwards, saying, rest, trust, wait."

\* \* \*

Dr. Jackson says that "to rest just before getting tired will prevent breaking down, when if mental or physical strain is

continued a little too far in any number of days, months, or years, either in reading, writing, talking, visiting, or anything else, according to individual limitations, disastrous results follow which cannot be repaired by weeks of rest and treatment." Happy are the people who know *in themselves* when rest is needful, the rest which nature oftentimes calls for in the midst of every-day duties. We were never made to rest by the wholesale any more than to eat by the wholesale. We need to pray, "Give us this day our daily rest," as well as "daily bread." And many times less food and more rest would add years of comfort and peace to life.

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#### THE GOSPEL OF LET.

"Consider the lilies of the field how they grow!"

Well, how *do* they grow? There lives not that man who can give the information, as there lives not a man who has the capacity to comprehend how that simple flower pushes its way through the prison house of clay, unfolds its white leaves and tiny petals, and beautifies itself with a splendor that Solomon in all his glory could not emulate. All this without an effort—without a thought. Only a submission to the will of the Father, who giveth all life, only living its lily-life. Shall not we, first phenomena in nature, also receive everything needful to round out our life in joy, health, and the beauty of holiness? Why do we not? Is it God's will or our own hindrance of his will, by not letting him "to will and to do his good pleasure," which would mean for us complete salvation here and now.

—Sel.

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Many favors which God gives us ravel out for want of hemming, through our own unthankfulness. For though prayer procureth blessings, giving praise doth keep the quiet possession of them.—*Fuller*.

## WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

## VERMONT.

[The following was accidentally mislaid for a time.—ED.]

At the session of the Strafford Q. M., held with the church at East Randolph, the ladies of the W. M. Auxiliary held a public meeting, Saturday evening, October 5. The exercises consisted of recitations, reading, and singing. Among the recitations, those by little Clara and Ina Osgood, and the "Heathen Woman's Prayer," by Miss Edith Morrell, deserve especially to be mentioned. The collection amounted to \$4.05.

At the business meeting the following officers were chosen : Mrs. N. H. Farr, president ; Mrs. F. Reed and Mrs. T. F. Maxim, vice-presidents ; Mrs. J. L. Barrett, secretary.

MRS. J. L. BARRETT, *Sec.*

## NEW YORK.

DEAR SISTER : It has been a long time since our W. M. S. in Pike has reported. We are still at work. Our meetings are held the first Wednesday of every month, and usually a supper is furnished. The proceeds from the suppers are used to defray the expenses of the society. We pay by the card system. The past year we have raised \$50.71 for mission work. We sent a box of bedding for our room at Harper's Ferry. We take the *Missionary Review*. We read articles from it in our meetings, and we find it very interesting and instructive. We have a society of twenty-eight members.

MRS. EUNICE DAGGETT, *Sec.*

## WEST VIRGINIA.

*Harper's Ferry*.—We are having a very encouraging revival here. A dozen or more have found Christ, and as many more are serious. We have meetings daily. Two of our students



are at Charlestown, and have been most of the time for a full month, assisting Bro. Wainright, the pastor. They are having a wonderful time. One hundred and twenty-five have professed faith in Christ; eighty have been received by our church, and the work is still going on. Bro. Wainright is a faithful pastor, and the seed sown in years past is bearing fruit. N. C. B.

KANSAS.

The ladies of the Mount Pleasant Auxiliary Society gave a public entertainment for the benefit of the Mission cause, Dec. 27, 1889. Although the weather was unfavorable, the church was well filled. The meeting was conducted by the president, Mrs. Lucy Cox, who read for the opening exercise, the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. Prayer by Mrs. J. Carpenter; singing, "Are you sowing seeds of Mercy," by the choir; greeting by Miss Mary Belden; "History of Syria," Joseph Gordon; tableau, "The Little Missionary"; recitation, "The Missionary Doll," Miss Geneva Winslow; recitation, "The Two Servants," Mrs. Loper; essay by W. H. Cox; recitation, "The Great Famine Cry," Miss Mary A. Gordon; singing, "Pass the Word along the Line," etc. Costume exercise representing the different nations was interesting and profitable. Collection, \$5.95.

We have our meetings the second Sabbath evenings in the month, and follow "The Concert Calendar" from the *Morning Star*, and "Helps" from the MISSIONARY HELPER, which we find both helpful and instructive.

We shall be glad to meet some of our missionary workers, who may be coming this way, that we may receive more encouragement in our work. Pray for us as co-workers for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

MRS. S. P. BELDEN, Sec.

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Missions pay. Not only in souls, but in earthly riches. Wherever Christianity finds lodgment a new market is opened for the products of God's faithful stewards.—Howard Hender-  
son, D. D.



## Our Young People.

### IN ROSE-PINK.

[We print the following from *Life and Light* by request of one of our returned missionaries. Our young people will be glad of the suggestions.—ED.]

"Tabitha," said Kitty, solemnly, as she settled herself in my hammock for our last vacation afternoon; "Tabitha, I'm going to do my missionary work in rose-pink this year."

"In *what*?" said I.

Kitty laughed. "Something Cousin Ruth was telling me put it into my head," she explained. "You know Ruth does such quantities of fancy work,—always keeps something on hand to take up when she has a spare minute.

One evening last winter, she told me she was turning over her bag of scraps to see what she should make next, and she found some lovely rose-pink wool, just enough for a pair of bed-shoes. And all at once she took a fancy to knit it up for a home missionary's wife she knew about in Dakota. Fan and Win laughed at her, she said, for not choosing some serviceable color, and she began to think herself perhaps it was a little foolish. But she made them up and sent them off. And then such a letter as she had from that missionary! We nearly cried when she read it to us,—it seemed so pathetic that any one should be so pleased with such a little thing. And it was just the prettiness of it that seemed to please her most. They had so many useful things sent them, she said, and they needed them enough, and were thankful enough for them, she was sure; but to have anybody think of sending them something just because it was pretty, seemed to go right to her heart. When I heard that, Tab, I said to myself, 'Now, Kitty Kemp, there's something in your line. You may not amount to so much as some people on the useful, perhaps, but you can come out strong on the ornamental.'"

"So you're going to concentrate yourself on worsted bed-shoes?" I inquired, with some sarcasm. "I hope they won't all be sent to Bombay."

"How dull you are to-day, Tab," answered Kitty, with dignity. "Don't you know a metaphor, when you hear one? I mean I'm going to set myself to helping the missionaries with their pleasures, and leave 'assisting them in their toils' to the rest of you."

"I'm afraid they don't have much time for pleasures," said I, doubtfully.

"They ought to," Kitty answered. "All work and no play makes Jane a dull girl,' abroad as well as at home, I should suppose. They must need rest, and change, and fun, now and then, just as much as any of us,—oh, more than any of us! And it must be a great deal harder for them to get it. I know I've heard them say they dreaded to have vacations come, because they couldn't tell how to spend them. It's trying enough seeking your summer places in this country, if you haven't got your own homes to go to. But fancy looking up board among naked savages!" (I opened my mouth to protest against such a libel on our "native brethren," but Kitty made a little face at me, and talked straight on.) "Poor things," she said, "they haven't anywhere to go, unless they go visit another missionary,—and there they're right in the mill again. And sometimes they make up a party, and think they'll all go off together to some quiet place; and when they get there the quiet place just swarms with lame, and halt, and blind, and they spend their days and nights bandaging 'em, and dosing 'em, and are perfectly delighted if they can get 'em to listen to a Bible reading between whiles. And then they write home what opportunities they find for doing good. 'Opportunities for doing good!'" Kitty repeated, with scorn; "I don't believe in doing good at such lightning-express rate. You can't keep it up all the time. You've got to stop now and then and put in coal. It's magnificent, but it isn't war."

"Calm yourself, Katherine dear," said I, "and explain to your benighted friend how you propose to make war and put in coal, all in rose-pink shoes."

"Oh, don't joke, Tab," Kitty answered. "It just makes my heart ache to think how little there is I can do. I wish I could have every one of them to spend the summer with us, out under our big trees. It's so seldom they can come home. And when they do they can't help bringing a good many of their anxieties with them. It seems to me the only way is for us all to do

every single thing we can to make it pleasant for them while they're gone. I've thought about it a good deal this summer, and I've thought of several things I can do."

"Go on," I said, as Kitty hesitated.

"Well," said she, "for one thing, I'm going to be on hand every time anybody in our neighborhood is sending off a missionary box, and I'm going to have something pretty to put in it. It can be useful too, if it happens so, but it's got to be pretty. And I shall try to have it something new, something she hasn't seen before; that will be interesting to her. I shall keep watch as I do my shopping, you know. There'll be things enough."

"Do you mean things to wear?" I asked.

Kitty looked a little troubled. "I don't know about that," she said. "It doesn't seem so nice to send such things unless it's a personal friend. I shouldn't want the missionary to think I felt as if she were an object of charity. (I wish we didn't have to treat home missionaries so. But we can't help that—at least, you and I can't, Tab.) But I don't know as there's any harm in embroidered handkerchiefs; there're always new styles in handkerchiefs. And mull frills—I saw such a lovely one the other day, and I bought it to begin my missionary box with. I'm going to take my pink glove-box, you know, to keep the things in. I don't believe if I were a missionary, and a girl sent me a mull frill and a little note with it to say she thought perhaps I'd like it because they were so new, and all the girls at home were so taken with them, I don't believe I should be hurt; do you?"

"No, Kitty dear, I don't," I said, quite touched by the humility in her tone; "and mull frills would be becoming to you. Where is yours, anyway? Didn't you buy one for yourself, too?"

"I had so much else to see to that day," Kitty explained, and hurried on with her little discourse. "There're lots of other things," she said. "Books, now—it seems to me a missionary'd like a new book just as well as anybody. And even if I didn't happen to get the very one that suited her best, she'd take a satisfaction in seeing it round, and thinking she had something that was just out, I guess; I know I always do. Of course I couldn't afford expensive books, but there're ever so many that I could. 'Jackanapes,' now, and the rest of Mrs.

Ewing's books—they'd have been so nice to send if I'd only thought of it when there was such a rush for them. And so many dear little books of poetry, and, perhaps, once in a great while,—if my ship comes in,—a book of travels."

I suggested that there were lovely little religious books ; but Kit wasn't so sure about those. "They seem more in the line of their work," she objected. Besides, they're more likely to get them some other way. No ; I think I shall minister solely to the secular side of my missionaries. I wouldn't even mind if they really grew just the least bit frivolous. You see, I'm going to adopt a missionary or two of my own," she added ; "somebody that I can be sending things to by mail between times. I'm not going to adopt them with pomp and ceremony, so they'll feel under obligations to me, of course ; and I'm not going to expect them to write and thank me for every silly little thing I send them, either. I'm going to tell 'em particularly they needn't. Of all things, I do think writing letters must be the biggest nuisance to a missionary. I think how hard it is for you and me just to write home regularly in term time ! But there's the teacher whose own circle sent the Christmas box last year, you know. She wrote to me in reply because I was secretary ; and it was such a bright, cordial note that I've felt acquainted with her ever since. So I don't think it would be taking a liberty for me to mail her a magazine, or a photograph, or a newspaper clipping now and then, just as I would to any friend. And perhaps it will be a sort of diversion to her to have them come when she isn't looking for them. I'm going to keep her in mind, you see, and whenever anything turns up that I think she'd like, I'm going shares with her if I can. For instance, I mean to send her my 'Looking Backward' to-morrow. She must have seen it noticed in the papers from home, but very likely she hasn't had a chance to lay hands on it yet. And I'm going to put that frantic little poem of Robert Browning's—that Fitzgerald thing, you know, that's making such a stir, in with it. She may have been president of a Browning Club before she left home ; who knows ? And I've got the jolliest bit of Fred Locker's copied off on a correspondence card to send some other time. If that doesn't make her laugh, I don't know what will. And I've got my eye on some Soule photographs—Scripture subjects, like what Ruth uses to illustrate the Sunday-school lessons with. I'm going to

try for a set of those for her Christmas present ; and I'm watching the papers for dainty bits of poetry, such as she'd like to read to her scholars, and whenever I see a first-class joke I'm going to save that for her. I'd like to send a whole circulating library full of jokes to all the mission stations."

"I fancy the missionaries make a good many jokes of their own," I said.

Kitty hastened to agree with me. "Oh, I know they do. It's a perfect marvel to me that they can be so bright and happy in spite of everything. It's their faith and trust that keep them so, of course. But it seems to me they must have to use the means, like the rest of us. And don't you think all these little things might be a sort of means?"

"Especially if they stood for loving friendship, and remembrance, and sympathy?" said I. "Yes, Kitty dear, I do."

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"For the heart grows rich in giving,  
All its wealth is *living* grain;  
Seeds, which mildew in the garner,  
*Scattered*, fill with gold the plain."

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"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath;  
In feelings, not in figures on the dial;  
We should count time by heart throbs when they beat  
For God, for man, for duty. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

We shall have to ask a jury of mental philosophers to decide how it happened that the words, "Home Missionary Society," appeared in the editorial in the March HELPER in place of "Woman's Missionary Society." The brain thought Woman's. The pen wrote Home. By what subtle process the connection was changed and another word stole in, we leave unexplained. . . . In order to get a correct understanding of the matter, we ask reports from our readers as to who does the missionary work in their churches. Is it done by committees of men and women, or by those composed of one sex only? Send replies

on postal cards, and make them concise. . . . A long time ago some one — I think from Maine — sent twenty-five cents to India for the purchase of some trifling curio. The address of the party has been lost. If she sees this, will she send her address to Miss H. P. PHILLIPS, Winnebago, Minn. . . . At a woman's meeting held in connection with the General Missionary Conference in London, June, 1888, a World's Missionary Committee of Christian Women was appointed for the purpose of forming a means of communication between the different denominations. Its object is to secure concerted action on the part of all Woman's Missionary Societies. The committee consists of the following ladies: Miss Abbie B. Child, Chairman, Secretary Woman's Board of Missions, Congregational House, Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.; Mrs. A. S. Quinton, President of the Women's National Indian Association, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.; Miss Bennett, London Missionary Society; Miss Mulvany, Secretary of Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, 9 Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E. C.; Miss Reid, Secretary of Scotland Ladies' Association for Foreign Missions, 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh; Mrs. John Lowe, 56 George Square, Edinburgh.

#### ADDITIONAL COMMITTEE.

Miss Amelia Angus, Secretary Ladies' Associated Baptist Missionary Society, The College Regent Park, London, N. W. C.; Miss M. A. Lloyd, Church of England, Woman's Missionary Association, 143 Clapham Road, London, S. W.; Miss Christina Rainy, 25 George Square, Edinburgh, Ladies' Society for Female Education in India and South Africa; Mrs. Weatherly, 51 Gordon Square, London, W. C., Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society; Miss Rosamond A. Webb, 267 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S. W., Society for Promotion of Female Education in the East; Miss Toolis, 58 St. George Road, London, N. W., Zenana Medical College; Mrs. J. B. Davis, Rochester, New Hampshire;



U. S. A., Free Baptist Missionary Society ; Miss S. C. Durfee, 34 Waterman Street, Providence, R. I., Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., U. S. A. ; Mrs. A. M. Bacon, 3112 Forest Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, Woman's Baptist Society of the West ; Mrs. A. M. Castlen, Chestnut Street, Evansville, Indiana, U. S. A. ; Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of Cumberland Presbyterian Church ; Miss Mary F. Bailey, Milton, Wisconsin, U. S. A., Woman's Board of Seventh Day Baptist Church ; Mrs. C. N. Thorpe, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Woman's Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church ; Mrs. L. R. Keister, corner Main and Fourth Streets, Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A., Woman's Missionary Association of Brethren in Christ ; Mrs. W. H. Hammer, corner Steinway Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A., Woman's Missionary Society, Evangelical Association ; Miss Nathalie Lord, Secretary Woman's Home Missionary Association, 32 Congregational House, Boston, Mass., U. S. A. ; Mrs. Darwin B. James, 53 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, Presbyterian Church ; Miss S. E. Haight, Morvyn House, 248 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Canada, Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, West Section ; Mrs. E. T. Strachan, 113 Hughson Street, Hamilton, Ontario, Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, Canada ; Mrs. Moses Smith, Glencoe, Illinois, (Cong.) Woman's Board of the Interior ; Miss L. M. Fay, 901 Rutter Street, San Francisco, California, Woman's Board of the Pacific.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

### F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*Receipts for February, 1890.*

MAINE.		
Acton and Milton Mills auxiliary, 1-2 each H. and F. M.	\$5 00	Cumberland Q. M. auxiliary... \$11 50
Abbot Church.....	1 00	Ellsworth Q. M., collection for blinds M. H..... 3 25
Augusta auxiliary, for native teacher.....	6 00	East Hebron auxiliary..... 4 00
Biddeford auxiliary.....	6 50	East Parsonsfield "Willing Workers" on L. M. Mrs. P. B. Allen..... 10 00

Fort Fairfield auxiliary, Ray Sch. Midnapore.....	\$10 00	Blackstone Y. P. Miss. Society, H. Phillips, \$1 50; West Work, \$1 50.....	\$3 00
Farmington Falls aux. for F. M. North Lebanon auxiliary, for Chandu Missa.....	4 00	Blackstone "Busy Bees," West Work, \$1 00; Miss Franklin, \$1 00.....	2 00
New Portland auxiliary, 1st F. B. church.....	2 75	RHODE ISLAND.	
Portland church, blinds M. H....	5 00	Arlington church, Miss Franklin.....	5 00
Presque Isle auxiliary, for F. M. South Dover S. S. for Mrs. Burkholder's work.....	1 46	Carolina auxiliary, do.....	5 00
South Windham, Mrs. N. P. Phinney.....	1 00	Johnston church, H. Phillips, \$1 50; West Work, \$1 00...	2 50
South Parsonfield auxiliary, for Rag. Sch. at Midnapore and on L. M. Mrs. R. M. Hilton.....	18 00	Olneyville auxiliary, Miss Franklin.....	6 25
York County Q. M. coll.....	6 66	Olneyville auxiliary, H. Phillips Providence Y. P. S. C. E. Roger Williams H. Phillips.....	18 75
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Providence auxiliary, Greenwich St. H. Phillips, \$3 75; Miss Franklin, \$2 50.....	6 25
Contoocook, Misses Morrill, 1-2 each Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner.....	2 00	Providence auxiliary and "Busy Gleaners," Roger Williams Miss Franklin, \$30 00; H. Phillips, \$7 50.....	37 50
Deerfield Center, Laura J. Bickford, \$1 00; Mrs. S. D. Church, \$1 00.....	2 00	Tiverton church, Miss Franklin Woonsocket, Mrs. O. Paine for H. Phillips, \$2 50; Miss Franklin, \$2 50.....	5 00
Dover, church Washington St.. Hampton auxiliary.....	10 00	OHIO.	
Meredith, "Earnest Workers," for Mary Ellen Meredith with Mrs. Smith.....	13 00	Rio Grande, Ruth E. Brackett, F. M.....	1 00
New Hampton, Y. L. Miss. Soc. N. H. Inst., for Miss Butts's salary.....	6 05	MICHIGAN.	
New Hampton auxiliary, for do. Rochester Village auxiliary, for school at Balasore, \$9 00; Inc. Fund, .20.....	9 20	Gobleville aux. Miss Coombs's salary and Storer college...	8 40
Sandwich, Y. P. Soc., teacher at Balasore.....	6 00	Lansing, Q. M. auxiliary,.....	10 00
Sandwich auxiliary, Mrs. Lightner and Miss Butts.....	7 19	Van Buren Q. M. auxiliary, for Miss Coombs's salary.....	5 00
Sandwich, Mrs. G. O. Wiggin, pledge for Mrs. Lightner and Miss Butts.....	5 00	IOWA.	
Sandwich, Q. M. auxiliary, coll.	4 30	Campton auxiliary, for F. M... Fairbanks auxiliary, for F. M..	6 60
VERMONT.		WISCONSIN.	
Corinth, Q. M. collection, Mrs. Smith's salary.....	3 04	Winneconne Miss. Band, local work.....	1 00
East Orange auxiliary, do.....	1 50	MINNESOTA.	
Huntington, Q. M. coll. do.....	3 25	Money Creek auxiliary, for Chandbali.....	5 00
Huntington church, for do....	3 00	Nashville Centre S. S. class, for Miss Coombs's salary.....	4 00
Jonesville church, for do.....	2 25	Winnebago church.....	1 70
North Tunbridge auxiliary, do.	2 25	PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.	
St. Johnsbury auxiliary, do.....	5 00	Stanstead auxiliary, for teacher Emily.....	6 00
Washington auxiliary, do.....	2 00	Total.....	\$387 75
A friend, do.....	2 00	LAURA A. DEMERITE, Treas.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Dover, N. H.	
Blackstone, Y. P. Society, for blinds M. H.....	8 00		
Blackstone auxiliary, West Work, \$1 25; H. Phillips, \$3 13; Miss Franklin, \$3 12	7 50		

